John D. Hall

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NO 27.

Amid the Grasses. Come! live in innocence again,

Sweet soul of mine;

And weave once more the tender daisy-chain And ringlets of the dandelion fine Come, sing and croon and chant, Here lurks no aching want

Of past or present; Here honey-bind is found, And creeping o'er the ground Mellow sunbeams pleasant!

Come! live in tender joys and sweet embrace Of bird-notes dropping hither, All in the golden autumn weather, All in the grasses and gray leaves together, I see how eyes shine out from fair young

In gentians blue, that catch the thistle's feather; Come, breathe and live!

For here grow sweet all gracious things to give. Here nod leth fine

My Lady Columbine; Jacket and Breeches, some do call her. Oh, naughty name! She is my Lady Colum-

May no ill frost or plucking hand befall her! Oh, hither come and hide!

Here in the grasses nestle, nestle deep with Here with my bounteous love and me Sweet nature, queen of all green things that

Some high spirit mystical,
With vaporous form and golden-drooping hair,
Breathes through the drowsy skies—
The mellow-tinted India-summer air—

Ah! what's so sweet As the tripping, twinkling feet Of the brooklet 'neath the willows? And what, ah! what's so fair

As the summer air,
And the lark high up in its fleecy billows?
And here in the meadow-land far below
We can listen and eatch the streamlet's flow And hear the lark till he's out of sight In the breezy blue above the hill, And watch the sunbeams drop and fill Each little flower-cup with delight; For here the sludows are soft and still-

Hist! be husbed as a startled mole Curled in its cradle; for over the knoll I see the sort brown twitching car Of the shy gray rabbit peeping! He thinks that we are sleeping-Nature and !! Ha, ha! & And soon more near

& And soon more near
He'll crouch his form and crop the hill-side tender;
And if the winds blow by,
He knows them, knows them just as well as I,
No fears their shrill pipes slender.
Hear how alout the old crows caw!—
Ca! ca!—
Wicked bluck crows that fill their maw
With meany field large. What a sharpe!

With pretty field-fares. What a shame! Here's one that built his nest close by,

Last summer, and the grasses lie Trampled by the path he came. See! here deep down are mosses and sweet

ferns, and meadow-fire that burns: Love's torch, they call it rather, Or Cupid's cup, if maidens pluck

Here's Indian-repe, the fairles smoke— They light it by the meadow-fire— And here's the magic ring they broke When darging to their cricket choir. And here are spicy mints,
And club-head lichens all of heakish dints

Of toothsome elves, and prints Of winding pathways thro' the reedy Where, burrying wild, the emmet's army

Here dainty roads. shining soft, the

Crushing the herbage, pant when rain is over, Hopping to meet their loves in musky clover; And here the field-mouse comes

Stealing aweet nature's crumbs Seeds that she plants for mice and birds un-Far from the cark of men

She stores her wealth of grain-Way-side tarms by walls, brier-grown and over-weeded.
Here, here I watch them come—

The wild bee with his drum; The tilting dragon-fly with azure wing; The painted moths; and lo With his sharp, wiry bow, The albowed grasshopper, with sudden spring Setting the twickets brown in wild come While flustering down like shells through some blue ocean,

In undulations rhythmically slow, Through the blue-misted air of autumn lucid-Purple as Tyrian tides, and interfused With incense odors of all sweet shrubs The splendid wide-winged maple leaflets

Here still are buttercups, so silvery yellow; And here sweet winter-green, with berries red And here from nodding head The feathery dandelion soweth wide Her venturous parachutes—how light They mount the breeze, and vanish from the

And here low-couched abide, And creeping softly slide Arbutus tendrils through the rustling grass, Waiting for snows to pass,

To breathe once more the verdure of th spring. And here on wing

Come the sharp spatrows, and late robins sing Their farewells. So, farewell* The light dath pass From sky and vale and mountain

As from some spent and golden-watered tountain. So, farewell!

While through the meadow-grass Cricket and restless midge and night-wing Their forces far and near,

And fill the ear With pantings of soft plumes and rustlings clear,
And music shrill and high, through the long

dusky valley.

— IV. M. Briggs, in Harper's Magazine

Story of a Skeleton Skirt.

I was in the civil service at Richmond. Enough that I was there and on honest business. That business done, prepared to return home. And there by hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there what these presents should be—for I had no boys or brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want which overtopped all others. "hey could make coffee out of beans; pies they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in the "old concern." We had no hoopskirts— skeletons, weused to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The Bat, the Greghound, the Deer, the Flora, the J. C. Cobb, the Varuna and the Fore-and Aft all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the Bat and the Deer and the Flora were seized by the blockaders,

and-Aft and the Greyhound were set fire to by their own crews, and Varuna was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of the home-manufactured article. But none ever competed. The first attempts, in-

home-manufactured article. But none ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put to an end when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick and destroyed the dam on the Yellow branch, which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York, not a "duplex elliptic," for none were then made, but a "Belmonte" of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought for her more-common wear a good "Belle-Fontaine." For Sarah and Susie each I got two "Dumb-belles." For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife, who lived with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Harebell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mamma Chloe and Mamma Jane. For them I got substantial cages without names. With these tied in the shape of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry goods above, and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enraptured. Words cannot tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed those fairy-like structures, yet unbroken and

Perennial summer reigned that autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day, and the next. It would have reigned till now if the Belmontes and the other things had lasted as long as the advertisements declared. declared.

I was up in the cedar closet one day looking for an old parade cap of mine, which, I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell with a small wooden hat box in my hand full on the floor. The corner of the hat box struck me just below the second frontal sinus and I fainted away.

sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber: I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough indeed to hear my voice and to know that I knew her. It was sometime before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to my office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your log is healy a hore the action.

leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time—five in the afternoon—I groaned in the lowest for this man, whose name I forgot (the depths. For in my breast pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see lying on the window-sill, were the duplicate dispatches to Mr. Mason, for which, late the night before, I had got the secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the navy department's special messenger. I had taken them to insure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock! Heavens an I earth, and there it was five o'clock! The man must be half way to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lefarge, my clerk. Lefarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan river, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, has smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that dispatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the ofling in the Sea Maid.

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon in the Ino. I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands in Washington Well, all I know is that if the duplicate had got through the Confederate government would have had in March a chance at 83,211 muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet upstairs.
"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up in your own cedar closets and step about in the dark, and see what brings up about in the dark, and see what brings up about your ankles.

Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to get up, and as soon as I could talk and olan with her, she brought down seven of these old things-Belmontes, simplex ellipties and horrors without a nameand she made a pile of them in the bedroom, and she asked me in the most penitent way what she should do with

"You can't burn them," she said, fire won't touch them. If you bury them in the garden they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants they say, 'Thank-e, missus,' and throw them in the back passage. If you give them to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say 'Thank-e.' Sarah sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and so—and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up the wretched things and put them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know

what a good thing I made out of the In fact she had sold our bottle corks for \$4 216 of the first issue. We after-ward bought two umbrellas and a cork-

screw with the money.
Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to ride I hove the whole shapeless heap

into the river. But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of the troubles As I look back on that winter, and on the Flora were seized by the blockaders, the spring of 1865, it seems to me only time I went down to Tredegar, but that the J. C. Cobb stak at sea, the Fore-the beginning. I got out on crutches at I happened to dine one evening with

last; I had the office transferred to my house, so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there at night and communicate with me when I could not go out; but mornings I hobbled up to the department, and sat with the chief, and took his orders. Ah, me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning when took his orders. Ah, me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office? One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran past, and we knew that they felt well; and, though I would not ask old Wick—as we nicknamed the chier—what was in the wind. I knew the time had come, and that the life meant to knew the state of the state. ion meant to break the net this time. made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the major's ambulance, I remember, and hopped in to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in quiet uproar, which shows that something bad has happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water. "Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead,

And there he really was, dear, hand-some, bright George Schaff—the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground floor, where they had brought him in. He was not dead, and he did not die. He was not dead, and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near like it then. The deep cut in his head was the worst I had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round be said it was not hopeless; but we were turned out of the room, and, with one thing and another, he got the boy out of the swoon, and it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it was better it had been, if it could only have been broken in the right way, and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise. There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early had tha morning pushed out every man he had that could stand, and they had for three morths. they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don't know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight's party was to fire at Wilson's wharl, as soon as somebody on our left center advanced in force on the enemy's ine above Turkey island, stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the war department, and I forget whether he was to advance en barbette or by echelon of infantry. But he was to ad-vance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, as you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me. Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their s..p plies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at at oblique angle from their center; and would not that have been the end of

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order before at High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green streets You know how much time he saved; they waited all day for that order deorge told me afterward that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bedroom window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, his horse—that white Messenger colt old Williams bred-went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet headforemost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women, and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1861, never came off

I walked out in the lot, after Mc Gregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And, do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' bandy heles. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind legs in one of those hoop-wires that Chloe had thrown out when I gave her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal straps of ruby steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. felt too badly to go into a passion. But, before the women went to bed—they were all in the sitting room together—I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for a while. in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were nuisances, and that the house and premises must be got rid of them. The aunts laughed —though I was so serious—and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And ther t came out the aunts had sold their old noops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale—I am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the snow what made the things so heavy I frowned at the swindle, but they said li was fair with a peddler and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah ooked demure, and asked what I would have them to do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told then to tie up all they had in as small a through the state of the s parcel as they could and bring them to

Accordingly the next day I found a handsome brown-paper parcel—not so large, considering, and strangely square, considering—which the minxes had put ogether and laid on my office table. They had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the lefthand corner, in Sarah's boldest and most contorted hand, was written "secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next

young Norton, of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing he told us. We were talking about the disap-pointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me in confiment. O'Brien had told me in confidence, what I have written probably for the first time now. But we were speaking in a general way of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully and then said:

"Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put it in the newspapers but what do

"Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put it in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack the day the kee gunboats skittled down the rivel so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly,
"If you say that I'll break your head for
you. Seriously, men," continued he,
"that was an extraordinary thing. You
know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Cal-lender himself knew no more than t. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew, when, right as a trivet for all we knew, when, skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little Mosquito, or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down and got us out of the scrape. Walter did right well; if he had had a monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engineroom. What were they a: there? All they knew was that they could get no

they knew was that they could get no water into her boiler. " Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off, they worked all night on those supply pumps. May I be hanged if they had not sucked in, somehow, a long string of yarn and cloth, and, if you will believe me, a wire of somehow. will believe me, a wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French foily of a sham empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have a chance again."

The Diamond Fraud.

A New York correspondent of the Troy Times writes: A view of metro-politan life, as afforded by the advertis-ing columns, will give one a glimpse of many strange features, some of which are worthy of attention. The diamond fraud for instance. This is still exten-sively advertised, and no doubt occa-sional hits are made, the bait being found in such notices as these:

A lady must have \$280, and to raise said amount will part with her diamonds, cost \$400. Please to call at once and inquire for advertiser at 150 East Thirty-third street. A lady, whose diamonds and jowelry are in pawn, is unable to redeem them; will sell tickets at sacridee. Address Mrs. Havlin

A lady having her valuable jewels in pawn would like some honorable goutleman to re-deem and hold for a short time. Mrs. Sinclair.

A lady having in pawn valuable diamonds and jewelry, unable to redeem them, will sell tickets. Mrs. Talcott. Uptown office. A lady having in ple lge gold hunting watch in Switzerland for Paris and the French chain and diamond ring would like to of tickets. Address Mrs. Lyman.

It need hardly be said that "the lady" mentioned is merely the tool in the hands of professed sharpers. The best llustration of the method was afforded by the manner in which two Washing ton market hucksters were fleeced They had a snug amount of surplus funds and wished to make a temporary investment. Having noticed an adver-tisement of the above-mentioned character, they opened a correspondence and were met by a "lady," who told a wo-ful tale. The diamonds were worth \$20,000, and had come from some roya Could \$5,000 be advanced it house. would be only one-quarter their value, and the money could be raised on them at any time. A diamond broker (socalled) then appeared, who solemnly averred that Simpson the pawnbroker would advance \$10,000 on the jewels. but his terms (twenty-four per cent, per annum) were too high. The lady offered to pay ten per cent., returnable on call There is no sharper class of men than Washington market hucksters, but when taken off their usual track they are as weak as childhood. These men fell readily into the snare, and advanced \$5,000 on what proved to be a mere fraud. This revelation was made at the police office where the swindlers were arraigned, but the charge failed for lack of testimony, and the hucksters became merely the object of ridicule. Not long afterward a kind-hearted clergymen, known as Father Zucker, fell into the same trap. He had some money, and the moving appeal of a lady in distress touched his heart. He responded to the advertisement, was charmed and affected by the tale of misfortune, and advanced nearly a thousand dollars on some paste diamonds which could be bought for a trifle.

Washington's Table.

A visitor to Governor's Island, in New York harbor, says: As the writer looked at the stand upon which his hand rested he observed a quaint old table with carved, crooked legs. The top was square, except that the sides were cut in for several inches, forming a neat curve, rags they got were new instead of old
—it was a real Aladdin bargain. The
ragman had been in a hurry and did not covered with red cloth. Each corner, however, was bare, to rest cards upon, for it was evidently a card table. In front of each player there was an ovalshaped hollow, or bowl, for holding coins. This table had evidently been used for poker playing, and the attendant was asked whose table it was.

"It was the property of General Washington," he said. "and was presented by him to Judge Berrian, of Rocky

Hill, New Jersey, where the general often used it, we are informed, while on visits during 1780 to 1783."

On this table appeared the name of Washington, each letter, representing a neat scene from the life of the first President. Upon the "W" appeared the home of Washington at Mount Vernon; a likeness of Latayette in a standing at-titude was on the letter "A;" "S" rep-resented Washington's headquarters at Newburg; "H" the meeting of Washington and Lafayette; "I" Washington at Trenton; "N" his headquarters at Trenton; "G" the capitol at Washing-Trenton; "G" the capitol at Washing ton; "T" the Washington monument completed, as it was at one time ex-pected it would be; "O" a battle scene, and "N" the tomb at Mount Vernon. All was executed with a pen, by Lieutenant J. Edward Blake, who killed during the Mexican war.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A visit was paid to the house of com-A visit was paid to the house of com-mons recently by two giants, Chanz, a Chinese, eight and one-half feet in height, and Von Brustad, a Norwegian, eight feet four inches in height. They were accompanied by Chee Mah, a Chinese dwarf, about two feet in height. The three distinguished strangers were shown into the speaker's gallery, where they remained for a while listening to the debate.

The railroad between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico is said to be a marvel of engineering. It ascends 7,600 feet, 4,700 in twenty-five miles. It passes from hot to temperate, and from the latter to the cold country. It spans ravines, scales precipices and plunges through the bowels of mountains below; then up into the clouds again. To con-struct this line took thirty-six years, forty presidents and one emperor.

Some of the French journals give very flattering accounts of the progress of the preliminary work on the tunnel which nattering accounts of the progress of the preliminary work on the tunnel which is to connect France and England. It is stated that the shaft is sunk to the stratum in which the tunnel is to be cut, and that those engaged in the work are about to sink another shaft, and to lower the machinery for boring under the channel. The work on the tunnel is expected to be finished in two or three years.

This young officer she had upon several occasions presented considerable sums of money for the purpose of enabling one of his brothers, a civil engineer, to erect a mill in Demendere, a village near Philippopolis, but had recently refused an application on his part for a further gift, holding out, however, hopes that she might grant the asked-for subsidy at some future period.

Mme. Skobeleff had set her heart upon establishing a model farm in East Rouand that those engaged in the work are about to sink another shaft, and to lower the machinery for boring under the channel. The work on the tunnel is expected to be finished in two or

Bret Harte says: I never see here 'in Europe a woman toiling in the hot fields, or a peasant working to reclaim and fertilize a few yards of serile mountain side, that I do not come home to my room and abase myself before the little American flag that hangs above my head, and thank heaven that I live in a republic where there are men enough to plow and hoe and reap, and which has room enough on level ground for all its people.

The manufacture of bottle corks is a considerable source of wealth in France. The annual production amounts to 1,283,000,000, valued at about \$3,100,000. The value of the raw material is about \$600,000. The French government has formed many plantations of the cork oak in Algiers. Parts of the United States are well adapted for the successful cultivation of the cork oak.

On the other side of Jordan is the town of Salt, ascertained to be the an-cient Ramoth Gilead, containing a pop-ulation of about 8,000 nominal Christians and Mohammedans. There are up-ward of 1,800 vineyards in this town and neighborhood, and also large fields of corn land. It is a singular fact, as credibly reported, that these people know nothing of intoxicating drinks, and make their grapes into raisins, honey and a kind of sweetmeat called milban.

The American consul at Geneva says American beef and live stock have penetrated as far as that region and the value of choice cattle raised in large numbers by the importation from America. served meats and fruits from the United States are so well established and advertised that they may be left to take care of themselves; but butter and cheese could be sold in much larger quantities in central and southern Europe and a profitable market for a more nutritious brand of American flour could be found.

Pins and a Woman's Dress.

Our wife wants a new dress. After two or three or a half dozen stores have been ransacked for the goods the dressmaker is sought out. The matter of measurement is tedious, and then the matter of fitting is one of numerous and repeated trials. Finally the dress is finished and sent home. Then it is sent back to be taken in here and let out there, and at last, after the enstomer has been fitted more times for that one dress than her husband has measured in three or four years, the dress comes home for the last time and is pronounced by the wearer, her friends and the dressmaker as a beautiful and perfect fit, and it is finished.

Beautiful it certainly is, far more beautiful than anything her husband ever wears. Colors and materials, style, blending shades and contrasting bits of colors, are all in the perfection of good taste. No man can improve upon that. But, it isn't finished. When it is completed as far as the skill of the tressmaker can finish it and it is put on. t has to be pinned somewhere; some times in two or three, often in a half-dozen places. Leave out the pin and the dress is all awry somewhere. On all this broad continent there is not one American woman who can dress so as to make any kind of an appearance in society without pins.

Now, suppose our tailor should send our suit home and on puting on the coat we had to pin it in the neck? Or suppose there was no suspender-button aft, and we had to use pins there? Suppose he made our shirts so that we would have to pin on the collar, how long would a shirt or such a suit of clothes stay in the house? Who would be responsible for the language used by the man who had to pin his coat? No tailor would care to so tempt the wrath of an independent man. women—alas! she patiently pins on the dress that she paid some \$30 or \$40 to make, and don't think anything about it. We will not pursue this painful subject. Let the women of America think it up and think about it and learn, in the noble independence of womenhood, to make their clothes before they put them on .- Burlington Hawkeye.

Words of Wisdom.

There is nothing so sad as happiness to the sight of the unhappy.

There is a past which is gone forever. But there is a future which is still our A Christian is like a locomotive.

fire must be kindled in the heart of it before it will go. The gnarled and twisted oak has its counterpart in the narrowed and strinted mind.

The human mind is like an inebriate on horseback—prop it on one side and it falls on the other.

What would be the state of the highways of life if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them, with valve open, sometimes.

MURDER OF MME. SKOBELEFF.

Atrocious Ingratitude and Treachery

of a Young Russian Officer of a Young Russian Officer.

The London Telegraph gives the following details of the atrocious murder of Mme. Skobeleff, mother of the distinguished Russian general: Mme. Skobeleff, during her two months' stay at Bulgaria, had devoted her time, money and energies to the development of benevolent institutions in different parts of the principality, and had made numerous excursions with that object. refusing the escort of gendarmerie offered to her by the local authorities, on the ground that she was too well known throughout the country to run any risk of molestation. During these expeditions she was only accompanied by a young female attendant, by a faithful young female attendant, by a faithful and intelligent Russian man-servant named Ivanoff, and by Captain Uzatis, formerly her son's personsl aide-decamp, who had earned great distinction by his splendid gallantry during the late war, and whom she was accustomed to address as "her son." To this young officer she had upon several

establishing a model farm in East Roumelia, and started by carriage from Philippopolis for Tchirpan, with the object of purchasing a piece of land suitable to the fulfillment of her project, taking with her 25,000 rubles, which Captain Uzatis assisted her to pack up in a valise. The money was destined to pay for her purchase. To avoid the in-tolerable heat of the summer sun, she

commenced her journey at nine o'clock P. M., accompanied by her usual attend-ants, with the exception of Uzatis, who excused himself, alleging indisposition and the necessity of remaining with his brother, who was also on the eve of de-parture from Philippopolis. For about half an hour's drive, after quitting the town, Mme. Skobeleff's carriage was closely followed by a vehicle containing Mme. Smolekoff, the directress of the Mme. Smolekoff, the directress of the Philippopolis hospital, and a Russian officer named Petroff; but the two car-riages separated at Kemer, close to a stone bridge over the Maritza, on the road to Adrianople. Mme. Skobeleff's carriage had proceeded a few hundred ands further when Ivanhoff who was yards further, when Ivanhoff, who was seated on the box by the coachman, espied Captain Uzatis a little distance off by the roadside, and, turning round toward his mistress, who, in the meantime had failen into a doze, awoke her with the announcement that the captain was ap proaching the carriage on foot. The old ady ordered the coachman to stop, and, leaning out of the window, was expressing her thanks to Uzatis for the trouble he had taken to wish her goodspeed on her journey, when he suddenly drew his hand-jar and cut Ivanoff down. At the same moment four armed men made their appearance and fell upon the attendants with their yataghans. While they were slaughtering the Bulgarian driver and Mme. Skobeleff's maid-upon the former of whom they inflicted ourteen wounds, and upon the latte tour terrific slashes, each of which was sufficient to cause death-Uzatis delibrately butchered his aged benefactress. despite her pitcous appeals for mercy and despairing offers of all her money and valuables if only he would spare her life. He thrust his broad-bladed cimeter completely through her body, killing her on the spot, and then proceeded to plunder the corpse, while his accom-plices broke open the trunks and rifled them of their valuable contents. Meanwhile, Ivanoff lay still, feigning death He had received eight severe wounds but, when the murderers made off with

their booty, he contrived to crawl away, and, after incredible exertions, during which he lost so much that he repeatedly fainted, reached the Russian consulate at Philippopolis about midnight, when he related the horrors of which he had been a witness. A detachment of cavalry was at one dispatched to Demendere, whither Uzatis had betaken himself, having previously returned to Philippopolis for the purpose of changing his clothes and concealing his weapons. He and one of his fellow-assassins were in the mil belonging to his brother when he perceived the militia squadron approach ing. Forthwith they took horse and galloped off toward the Turkish frontier, but found the high road occupied by a section of infantry, the officer commanding which summoned them to surrender. Dismounting they fled up a hillside and took refuge in a narrow glen, where they defended themselves Presently, however, seeing himself sur-rounded on every side, Uzutis put the muzzle of his pister in his mouth and blew out his brains. His companion was captured alive, as were later on the other three ruffians who shared in his

United in Death.

An aged husband and his old wife vent hand in hand to the gate of death. This touching incident is narrated by the Oskaloosa Herald: Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, for convenience in attendance during their illness, were placed in separate bedrooms. The heads of the beds were placed against a thin partition, which having an open door, permitted the old people to converse, though not able to see each other.

The night before the husband died his wife heard him groaning and was very anxious to be with him, but was unable to rise. Soon she was informed that he was dying, and in order to be near him the beds were moved so as to bring them parallel with the partition, the heads opposite the door.

This done, the fond wife reached out her hand, grasped her husband by the hand, and held it during his last mo-ments. Thus death found them, as fifty-one years before the marriage ceremony left them, joined hand in hand. It was a simple and affectionate token of the love of a long life, and the day following the wife, too, tolded her arms in the sleep of death.

William M. Evarts' professional income is estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year.

What I Love.

I love the plowman's whistle, The reaper's cheerful song, The drover's oft-repeated shout, Spurring his stock along;

The bustle of the market man, As he hies him to the town, The hallo from the tree-top As the ripening truit comes down; The busy sound of the threshers, As they clean the ripered grain;

The husker's joke and catch of glee 'Neath the moonlight on the plain; The kind voice of the drayman, The shepherd's gentle call-

These sounds of pleasant industry, I love-I love them all. - Youth's Companion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A shooer thing-A woman chasing a

Men of letters-Postal clerks and ign painters. - Marathon Independent. Farmers have learned that it takes the est of soil to raise a mortgage.

It requires eighteen barrels of ice

water daily to supply the fountain in the New York postoffice. About one hundred thousand watche

are sold every month in this glorious country of hours. - New York News. Mr. Bergh is going to give his atten-tion to the bull and bear fight in Wall

street. He says much cruelty is practiced there. - Puck. Artificial egg hatching is a fashionable garden amusement in London. The eggs are hatched in nests of hay and Shetland wool, heated by hothouse

The total number of seals taken on the west coast of Vancouver island, Washington Territory, during this sea-son, was over 20,000, of which the value would be \$180,000. The St. Paul and Pacific elevator at

by a peculiar worm that perforates the boards and lets the wheat down as if running through a sieve. The fact that a quarter of beef cannot be kept for a few hours in warm weather without spoiling is considered by the London *Times* to be a reproach to science, there being known no easily

Minneapolis has been seriously damaged

applicable way of preventing it. There is on exhibition at Oakland, Cal., a sea serpent or shark-fighter. It has a head a little larger than a cat's, and its mouth is armed with strong, glittering teeth. The body is about six feet long, and tap ers to a point an inch in diameter. It was caught outside of

the Heads. A folding-chair factory in Newburg, N.Y., is a monument to the pluck and sagacity of its owner, who, though he is totally blind, and has been for many years, and had nothing to start on, has built up an establishment which now employs fifty hands and sends goods to all parts of the country.

The floating store on Tillamock bay, Oregon, is a novelty as well as a con-venience. It consists of a boat about sixty by twenty, with a cabin the entire size, well filled with a stock of groceries. In this they sail around the bay, putting in at the settlements, and furnishing the people with what they want

in the way of groceries. In the village of Guta-Zabolotsk, o the Volinsk province, Russia, a number of boys were bathing in a river, when a she wolf suddenly sprang on one of them and disappeared with him in the woods. Alarmed by outcries of the boys some peasants hastened up and made a thorough search in the woods but discovered only the clean-picked

The First Stars and Stripes.

bones of the little victim.

Not long since a correspondent of the New York Mail gave an interesting account of the history of the United flag, in which account it was stated that the first stars and stripes ever flung to the breeze were unfurled in the battle of Saratoga, September 2, 1777. This is a mistake that needs correcting. The honor of unfurling the first starspangled banner belongs to the garrison of Fort Stanwix, the site of which fort is now the site of Rome. From Pom-roy Jones' "Annals of Oneida County" we glean that at the beginning of the siege of Fort Stanwix, August 3, 1777, Colonel Gansevoort's garrison was without a flag. Military pride, indeed every sense of propriety, would not allow them to dispense with an appendage so proper to a beleagured fortress. Necesbeing the mother of invention for some minutes with their revolvers shirts were cut up to form the white against the soldiers pursuing them. Stripes, bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a camlet cloak furnished by Cartain Abraham Swartwout, of Poughkeepsie, an officer of the garrison. This same camlet cloak was taken from a detachment of the British at Peckskill by Colonel Marinus Willett, atrocious enterprise. The valise containing the stolen money has not as yet in the spring of 1776, he being then in been discovered. Madam Skobeleff's body, embalmed by order of the Ruscommand of the Third New York regiment, to which Captain Swartwout besian consul-general, was conveyed to St. Petersburg via Constantinople and longed. There is glory in the flag of our Union, and the honor of first unfurling it to the bre-ze belongs to the gallant garrison of Fort Stanwix, which tought under that flag on the sixth of August, 1777, a day the events of which con-tributed more to the independence of the United States than is generally under-stood.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Scientific Hunting.

A man who belonged to a village rifle team was recently out on the plains of Wyoming Territory looking for game. Finally the party sighted an elk at 700 yards and prepared to shoot him. He was a noble buck. The member of the rifle team put a blanket down among the sage brush and artistically placed himself upon his back, with his left arm like a figure 2, supporting his neck, and his right arm like a figure 7, supporting the aft end of the rice. The measure of the wind was taken, and the sights were scientifically adjusted while the expert made a figure 8 with his legs and rested the rifle's bow between the toes of his shoes. The measure of his forefinger was now taken by a patent machine, and the trigger was filed off slightly on the near side in order to be adjusted to the weight of the finger. Two men were then sent out to put flags each side of the elk to show the bounds outside which the rifle teamster was not to fire; but the elk thought it had waited long enough and ran